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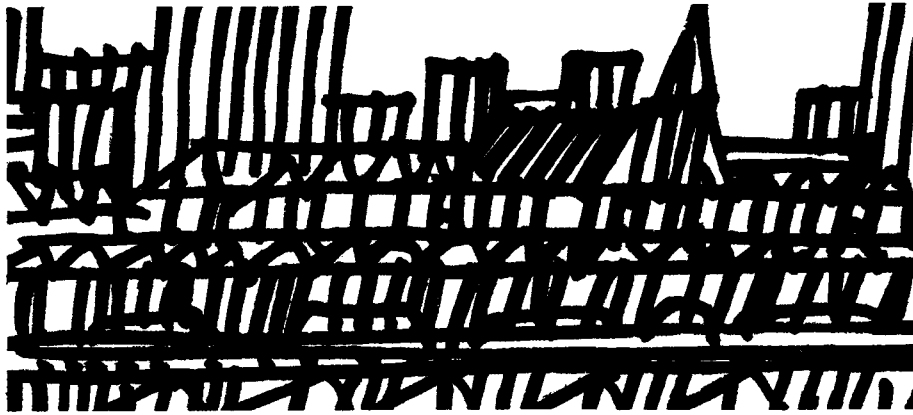
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Liturgical Issue

NO TIME TO STOP

H. A. Reinhold

POST-TRIBAL WORSHIP

John J. Ryan

WHAT IS TO BE DONE

Leo T. Mahon

CORRESPONDENCE

The New Thing

Ridgefield, N.J.

To the Editors: In his coverage of "The White House Festival" [July 9], Saul Maloff dismisses what he himself calls the great Duke Ellington as having had his band give out with sounds that Maloff says were as far removed from "The New Thing" as Frank Mal-lory (?) is from Genet and Beckett.

In the first place, The New Thing is so far out that many jazzmen and con-noisseurs themselves can't dig half of it. It's super-ultra avant-garde plus. Hardly suitable for a general public, however intellectual in other matters, that was not particularly oriented in jazz of any sort, let alone this kind of thing.

In the second place—leaving the Frank man out, since I know nothing of his creations, frankly—there is the assumption that anything before Genet or Beckett is progressively archaic and ipso facto unsuitable to the extent that it is not as avant garde as they are. The logic would call for the permanent shelving of O'Neill, Shaw, Rostand, O'Casey, earlier Lillian Hellman or even Tennessee Williams, Odets, and a veritable mountain chain of now ap-parently passé playwrights, American or otherwise, because the Genets and Becketts have come upon the scene. Also, any Ellingtonia on records from the 'Thirties would be fit only for museums or ancients lost in their jazz dotage.

Duke's offering that evening must have been, indeed, earlier Ellington to have gone back over no less than eight turnings of jazz history, which would put them roughly in the early 'Thirties or so. But as every jazz follower knows, the Great One has done his share of marching on with time to at least a meritable extent, even if he doesn't give us electronic jazz or the equivalent of Farese's long heard concert noises purporting to be music.

After all, that cultural jamboree of

the Johnsons' wasn't meant to be a field day for the extra-solar system space folk of the arts, whom most mere mor-tals can not always see, in their dis-tant orbits. Perhaps Duke could have given out with somewhat more con-temporary sounds; but Mr. Maloff, on his part, would seem to have taken a position here that the whole purpose of the affair did not warrant.

WILLIAM E. MONAGHAN

"Ill-tempered . . ."

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editors: Your July 23 issue provides a good deal of material on our Vietnam situation for readers to think about. No one can doubt that the pros-pect for us there has become increas-ingly grave.

For that reason your comments on the appeal printed on the last page of that same issue are unnecessary and certain of the remarks, notably, "but there have been no reports that God has revealed to anyone His plans for a Vietnamese solution" are ill-tempered and irrelevant.

In their appeal the ministers, priests and rabbis spoke "as men and women who have committed their lives to the attempt to explain and interpret the will of God." What is so offensive about that? Cannot the *Commonweal* understand that there is no law or rule which demands that a statement of moral conviction should be "nuanced"? Since when is it the obligation of a journal to become critics of rhetoric?

If the *Commonweal* believes the ap-pel to be inopportune, inadequate or even ill-advised, that view is under-standable. However, you could give readers credit for realizing that a mere printing of the appeal does not imply endorsement. The content of your lead editorial makes that clear.

But maybe you do intend to say that the appeal was "sheer moralizing." If so, could you perhaps clear up one point? When you speak of "moral self-righteousness" from the left or the right do you seriously mean to imply that the center is the safest and only ac-ceptable place on Vietnam?

Come to think of it, perhaps you could clear up another point. Do you mean to imply that the protest lodged in the appeal comes from the left? One wonders how the charge of "moral self-righteousness" compares with such charges as "appeasement," "soft on Communism," and whether any logical connection could be established be-tween the three charges. Do we have to generate heat to generate light?

ROLAND LAIRD

The Court and Birth Control

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: William B. Ball's able review [July 9] of the Supreme Court's decision in the Connecticut Birth Control case is marred, if only slightly, by his suggestion that the Court may eventually forbid public birth con-trol programs. Mr. Ball finds support for this thesis by analogizing state-sup-ported birth control programs with state-supported religious activities which the Supreme Court, in the school prayer and bible reading cases, recently held unconstitutional. There is, I am afraid, no parallel.

State-supported birth control pro-grams, unlike state-supported religious exercises, do not impair any constitu-tionally protected liberty, assuming, of course, that they are not compulsory. Though they surely do raise theologi-cal issues within the Catholic Church, I imagine the same kind of issues are raised among Christian Scientists by state-supported medical programs such as Medicare. Nonetheless, one would have to undo at least thirty years of constitutional law in order to imagine that the Supreme Court might hold Medicare unconstitutional. I doubt that it will.

I must add that Mr. Ball neglected to note that in addition to the excellent amicus curiae filed by the Catholic Council on Civil Liberties, the ACLU also appeared as a friend of the court. Indeed, in *Poe v. Ullman*, the 1961 predecessor case to *Griswold v. Con-necticut*, it was the ACLU's amicus brief which first presented the Court with the right to privacy argument

which it has now adopted.

MELVIN L. WULF
LEGAL DIRECTOR, ACLU

Reply

Harrisburg, Pa.

To the Editors: It is surprising to see Mr. Wulf so quickly slamming the door upon the range of important civil liberties questions which my article carefully raised. One has been taught to expect, from ACLU, some willingness at least to ponder, probe, fuss with and wonder out loud about serious questions seriously raised about possible invasions of personal liberty by government. Mr. Wulf's letter raps out a judgment in favor of the state with the speed of a gavel in Quarter Sessions: "State-supported birth control programs . . . do not impair any constitutionally protected liberty, assuming, of course, that they are not compulsory." Mr. Wulf does not pause to ask: What sort of "birth control programs"? Apparently, any kind. Nor does he pick up the very obvious fact that my article spoke of the broader matter of *family planning* programs — today largely undefined and legally limitless delegations of power over individuals to government. In this, he misses the boat, the dock, and the port of departure for all that I had to say on this important topic.

Happily, however, he does throw in that saving clause: ". . . provided, however, that they are not compulsory." One would have hoped that at this point Mr. Wulf would have expanded generously upon the whole complex question of the nature of governmental compulsion because this is one of the critical questions which governmental family planning obviously poses. The relevance of the prayer decisions is very close: they provide very important enlightenment on the subject of state coercion, and therein lies their parallel. Both in school prayer programs for children and in family planning programs for the indigent we find a confrontation of the state with a weak member of society. When we note the tremendous potential in the latter pro-

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LITURGICAL WEEK, 1965

A decade ago, the Liturgical Conference counted itself lucky if it could draw a few thousand people to its annual convention. Last year, the Conference held its convention in St. Louis. There were some 17,000 priests, nuns and lay people present. That was almost too much of a good thing, and this year three regional meetings were scheduled rather than a single national affair.

Spectacular success like this might lead one to think that, like Topsy, the liturgical movement just grew. That would not quite be accurate, for the American liturgical movement had behind it some of the best American theological minds; and, perhaps as important, some of the most dynamic and persistent minds. They persevered through years of indifference and often enough outright hostility. And they won. The *Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy*, and its rapid implementation in this country, are in great part a tribute to their success. The enthusiastic popular response to the changes (apart from the isolated lament of the Traditionalist) is still further testimony.

Most success stories might end at such a point. After all, what more could be desired? Well, the answer is much more. On the most basic level there is the necessity of educating the broad mass of Catholics. Canonical reforms are one thing; genuine liturgical piety and understanding on a widespread scale are quite another. Then there is the pressing business of continuing to reform the worship of the Church. The Mass today is considerably more meaningful and accessible to the Catholic worshiper than ever before.

But the Mass is still something of a checker board, with the old rubbing against, and often clashing with, the new. If exciting, it is also confusing. If more intelligible than it once was, it is still not fully intelligible. However grand it is to have large portions of the Mass in the vernacular, the translations have all the literary elegance of government crop-rotation manuals.

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These might all be considered matters of discomfort, but nothing very serious. Perhaps so, but we are more inclined to agree with Father H. A. Reinhold. In the lead article of this issue, he writes that "We are late, dangerously late." While it is true that American Catholics have a phenomenally high rate of religious observance, there are increasing signs of stress and turmoil among younger Catholics.

The situation is even more precarious in other parts of the world. In another article in this issue Father Leo T. Mahon points out the extraordinary difficulty of making the present liturgy a powerful force among uneducated Latin American Catholics. His plea for a

"parochial liturgy" to complement the present "pontifical liturgy" is to the point. Father John J. Ryan, in his article, points to the need for a liturgy which lays greater stress on the uniqueness of the individual worshiper. He wisely notes that we now live in an age which is striving to give the person his rightful dignity.

We mention these articles, not so much to commend them, but to point them out as articulated statements of the innumerable problems which still have to be dealt with. No doubt there are many who would like to see the liturgy once again solidified, to see the experimentations and restlessness cease. That is a desire which should be resisted.



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

POINT OF NO RETURN

The United States has probably passed the point of no return in South Vietnam. There is now not likely to be any turning back from a major military effort that will last several years. In short, the U.S. is at war. Only a sharp turn in diplomatic strategy by North Vietnam and Communist China can prevent its being a long war.

It is too late to talk any longer of "cutting our losses" and getting out. As a major power with worldwide responsibilities, the U.S. cannot accept a military defeat and still hope to retain its present influence. From West Berlin to Iran to South Korea, the power of the American position rests not upon its tangible military strength in those far-flung places, but upon the conviction of our adversaries that if we make a commitment we will honor it — and that it would be dangerous and costly for them to gamble that we would not honor it. The United States can still settle in Vietnam — as it did in Korea — for less than a total victory. But as a minimum, it must have a face-saving compromise.

If that is all we want, why then is an early peace not possible? If the North Vietnamese accepted a truce and a peace conference, they could presumably use political techniques over the next year or two to complete their absorption of the southern half of the country. The answer to this question appears to be that the Red Chinese want to inflict a smashing political defeat upon the Americans and, indirectly, upon the Russians. It is not enough for them that the Americans gradually lose influence in South Vietnam; they want the Americans to be visibly, dramatically humiliated. They calculate that such a humiliation would greatly weaken us

in Africa and Asia and also enhance their prestige.

It would also rebut the Russian claim that peaceful coexistence with the Americans is essential. (The Russians, it might be observed, did not arrive at this conviction readily; it required not only their own growing familiarity with the destructive power of nuclear weapons but also their encounters with American strength of purpose in the Berlin crises of 1949-50 and 1961, the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, and, indirectly, the Korean War of 1950-53.) Why the North Vietnamese adhere to this absolutist Chinese position is less clear. Most probably, it is because Ho Chi Minh's government has worked itself into a dependent relationship with the Chinese on political issues in exchange for China's military assistance.

The U.S. policy in Vietnam now consists of an effort first of all, to make clear to the Chinese that they have no chance of achieving their dream of a spectacular American humiliation. The U.S. is not France, and there will be no second Dienbienphu. Secondly, the U.S. intends to divide Ho Chi Minh from his Chinese patrons by proving to him that, from his and his country's viewpoint, the absolutist Chinese strategy is too costly. His best hope is to make peace with the Americans on some reasonable terms. Finally, this policy is intended to achieve a deterrent effect on Communist activity throughout Southeast Asia. For example, in the judgment of American officials, Thailand is already marked as the next target of Communist subversion and guerrilla warfare. Our government hopes that a stubborn stand by the U.S. in South Vietnam will persuade the Communists that such probes are profitless.

To pursue these objectives, the U.S. has, in effect, taken full charge of the war. We lost the political war. We then lost the war of the strategic hamlets, the U.S. military advisers, and the counter-insurgency techniques. We are now about to turn the war into the kind of war we know how to win — a war in which villages are leveled, ground cleared and held, and the enemy aggressively pursued. Many civilians are going to be killed in this kind of war just as many were killed in the two wars fought in Europe in this century. It will require at least 250,000 U.S. troops and may well require twice that many; even so, it will be four or five years before the U.S. gains effective control of most of South Vietnam. And it will be a heavily devastated country by then.

Having taken charge of the war for our own reasons, the U.S. cannot logically permit the South Vietnamese to interfere. If, for example, a Buddhist faction should seize control of the government in Saigon with the intention of making peace, the U.S. would have no recourse except to arrest the members of this faction and recognize a government of its own choosing.

All of the foregoing is implicit in the decisions which President Johnson and his advisers took in their major review of policy which ended with the President's press conference statement on July 28. It became more evident with Defense Secretary McNamara's testimony to the Senate Armed Services Committee on August 4 in which he asked for an overall increase in the armed services of 330,000 men and an increase in the military budget of nearly \$2 billion, with more billions to be requested in January.

Yet once again, Mr. Johnson shrank from telling the country the bad news. The impact of his announcement that he would send 50,000 more men to Vietnam and would double the monthly draft call was virtually offset by his disclosure that he was not activating the National Guard. He did not make clear to the country that, as of now, the South Vietnamese government and army have been defeated and that by upping Ameri-

can participation, he was changing the war in kind and not just in degree. He did not explain to the country that the U.S. had shifted from an advisory role in the fighting to a substantial military effort. He did not explain that once a great power such as the U.S. commits 125,000 troops, it has also committed its prestige and mortgaged its power irrevocably.

The private Administration line is that Mr. Johnson played down the implications of his latest round of decisions because he did not want to jeopardize his peace moves by sounding too warlike in his public statements. But, as against those considerations, a President has a responsibility to take the country fully into his confidence where great decisions of war and peace are at stake.

The country, in my judgment, would have supported Mr. Johnson if he had delivered a much more explicit statement on July 28, telling of the major American effort and the five-year war. But he is markedly uneasy about public opinion and has what amounts to an obsession about holding down congressional criticism. His unexpected and mostly unprovoked attack on Rep. Gerald Ford, the Republican leader in the House, was quite possibly the President's way of relieving his resentment against Senator Mike Mansfield, the Democratic leader in the Senate, and other members of his own party who have privately but pointedly resisted his course of action in Vietnam.

Mr. Johnson would like nothing better than immediate peace in Vietnam. If he had it all to do over again beginning in 1954, he would probably never have involved the U.S. in that country. But having inherited a difficult situation, he has refused to withdraw from it on terms tantamount to defeat. The conflict between what he would like to have happen and what he feels compelled to do ravages him. But he cannot bring himself to share the burden of this conflict with his fellow countrymen, most of whom are ill-prepared for the changes about to take place in the scale and nature of the Vietnam war.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON



FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE PAROCHIAL AMERICAN

There is no American Kipling. There is no Malraux writing on Asian revolutions. There is no Gabriel Fielding or Richard Hughes on Weimar Germany, or Lawrence Durrell on Greeks and Copts. We have a James and a Fitzgerald on Americans in Europe, Hem-

ingway and some of his followers, but the glass is on the Americans, and it is the Americans whom we come to know, not the Europeans. Isolationism is characteristic of our literary culture as much as of our political, and for the same reasons. We have found our own

national experience too intensely interesting, too troubled and demanding, to go abroad; and moreover we defined this nation by repudiating Europe. Our fiction set abroad is in this sense picaresque: the foreign scenes slip by one after another to illuminate the Americans. But there is no identification of the foreign world, no commitment to it, no fascination with its inner life. That is left to Irishmen and English and the French.

My point is that Americans know the world extensively but not intensively, and this is important. I do not mean that we are without people deeply involved in other civilizations. Donald Keene's and Oscar Lewis' books are on the shelf next to me, to take obvious examples. But I still think the generalization will hold. We are for good reasons a nation with a profoundly isolationist tradition, and what has happened since 1940 has changed much but not everything.

Political knowledge must begin, I think, in the stink of a place. Empathy is crucial. Poetry and power are related; poetry is knowledge. Without it we are adrift in names of places and theories of politics. We are driven to seek general constructs which will fit Latin revolutions as well as Asian, China as well as Russia, the government of India and the government of France. Generalization is, of course, indispensable to understanding and to action, but it is as easily an evasion of reality as a grasping of it.

Moreover, the particular experience of the United States does not always add to our knowledge of the foreign world; it can be an obstacle to understanding. Ours is the only conservative revolution, the only Enlightenment constitution to last. Our national experience has been of the frontier, of movement, of repudiation of Europe, of social movement—of classlessness with its anxiety, impermanence, the search for newness. Even our great regionalist, Faulkner, describes the violence of a Mississippi which cannot fix an order; the movement within the community is still radical movement.

The larger American experience, reflected in nearly all our contemporary writing, is with breaking free, with the ambiguity of irresistible success. "You flaxen

men with broad faces are born with cheer, and don't know a cloud from a star," Lincoln told a caller. "I am of another temperament." But the American Civil War was a hundred years ago. It would have told us something about Vietnam, but not enough. Even it vindicated the American faith—the absolutely indispensable American faith—that through action there is always a solution. And since the Civil War our wars have been insouciant adventures. We dashed through wars that to everyone else were thick with tragedy.

To say all of this solves nothing. We have committed ourselves to a worldwide political engagement which rhetoric will not resolve. But what I have said seems implicit in the sight of a Texan President of the United States anxiously trying to be neither too tough nor too soft on Vietnam, offering money to southeast Asia to buy off fanaticism and idealism, offering to reason together with men who despise compromise, calling for victory and calling for peace. He wants America not to lose and its friends not to be betrayed; he wants the Communists defeated yet he knows that even to call them Communists does not begin to define their allegiance and motivations.

The President wanted victory for the United States and six months ago rejected compromise. His advisors told him that we did not need to compromise, but their advice was wrong and things have gone badly and too many people are dying. Now he will accept almost any compromise—the neutralization which we once might have had cheaply, the 1954 Geneva agreement we once rejected, the Vietnamese elections we once opposed, negotiations even on Hanoi's terms. We have fought this war without any clear definition of what we were about, and now we are near humiliation and we still are improvising policy. Is this truly a war of tyranny with freedom? Of China and its agents with America? Of great ideologies? So we have said. Or is it a Vietnamese upheaval, a private tragedy? Or is it both? We are not sure. And what is Mr. Johnson to do? He does not even pronounce the name of the place quite accurately.

The objective of our foreign policy, Mr. Dean Rusk once said, is "A world-wide victory for freedom." But we don't get the names quite right. Nor the places; we don't give ourselves to other places, other cultures, other smells and noises and intuitions in the way the great imperialists did. We hoard our Americanism; we generalize *our* experience, not others'—we generalize "freedom" not because we are secure in it but because we are insecure. We have chosen, or have needed to become a nation of flaxen men. The world is of another temperament.

WILLIAM PFAFF

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In keeping with the usual practice, COMMONWEAL will again appear on alternate weeks from the middle of July to the middle of September. Forthcoming issues will be dated September 3 and September 17. From then on, we will resume our normal weekly printing schedule.

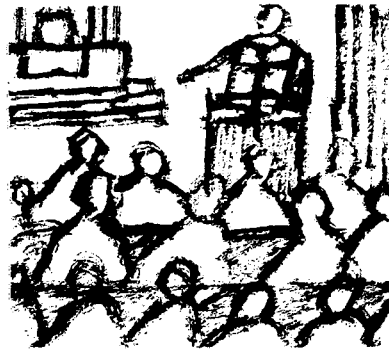
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NO TIME TO STOP



Liturgical reform has just begun

H. A. REINHOLD



Twenty-five years ago, I reported in *COMMONWEAL* on the first National Liturgical Week. "Reported" is not the most exact word—the article was more a paean of triumph than an account of what actually happened. My enthusiasm ran so high that I termed the event "the greatest in the history of American Catholicism."

The note of triumph may have been premature in 1940, but now it is surely due. The major themes of that meeting, and even its omnipresent term, "the people of God", have now been blessed by the Second Vatican Council. It would be wrong, however, to think of the pre-council period as one of darkness preceding a great light. Many of the reforms brought to fruition by the Council actually began appearing under Pius XII: the Easter Vigil Holy Week, the new laws on fast and abstinence, the vernacular ritual, the great official sanction of the different ways of celebrating parish Mass, and a few very significant changes to a better understanding of the mysteries of Christ. Pius XII's dictum, "I will move so far with the reform that a return will be made impossible," looked toward the Council and has been fulfilled by it. The myth that the liturgy was only for the elect few has been disproved by the voting of the Bishops and their subsequent action. Even those who joined in with a certain hesitation and who often sat on their hands have by now introduced such usages which cannot again be abolished, traditionalist or no traditionalist.

FATHER H. A. REINHOLD, a well-known leader of the liturgical movement, is the author of *The Dynamics of Liturgy* and many other books.

There is a sample of liturgical reform at hand which throws a light on the whole business in its most concise form, the so-called "Last Gospel." Our greatest surprise is to find out that in its present form it was only recently, officially introduced by Benedict XV in the early twenties of the present century. Before that date it was, strictly speaking, legally *ad libitum*. What is so important about this custom to recite the beautiful and profound prologue of St. John's gospel at the end of the Mass?

Misplaced Text

"In the beginning was the Word, and with God was the Word . . ." One of the most profound texts in any religious document the world over. No wonder its magic was felt everywhere, so much so that our ancestors used to light a candle during thunderstorms and recited aloud the Prologue to dispel the fear of the little ones. This magic, if I may use the term without being misunderstood, came in handy on such occasions when the worshipping community of Christians needed a powerful filler of a vacuum. In the sense of the liturgy it was misplaced, because such a solemn and sacred text was too sacred to be a time-filler or an *apotropaic* incantation to ward off the Evil One and to create a mysterious atmosphere. Liturgy is no make-believe or if used to such an end it is misplaced. It bursts its container with the weight of its content. But because the liturgy is at the mercy of the clergy and the people it suffers from the cumulative tendencies of

these forces heaping one thing on top of another. The *acervi*—growths like morning glory plants or ivy—covers the essential building and makes its outline obscure.

Two marks of the liturgical movement appear in the matter of the Last Gospel: attention to detail and historical perspective. No issue is too small to be picked up and looked at with earnest—because these apparent details had a tendency to grow vastly if unwatched. If you don't feel the disproportion between the weighty words of John One and its subsidiary location, you have not understood the sense of proportion that should create and dominate the liturgy. What is so unsettling in this is not the smallness of the detail, but the reality and vastness in importance that the rite assumes. In the liturgy we constantly deal with God and God's witness and strive to renew the awe and reverence which we tend to lose in our daily familiarity. Remember that even the Lord's Prayer is introduced by a small preface of its own which ends with the words: "we dare to say: Our Father who art in heaven." The current use of the Lord's Prayer—"say ten Our Fathers, or fifteen or twenty"—is as unliturgical as possible, though harmless in people who know no better.

But it does happen to be one of those "atrocities" which make you wince and look around guiltily searching for Protestants in a state of shock. The Rosary, through its repetitiousness, its lack of any climax and the obvious boredom which it seems to create, dulls the finer sensibilities of prayer and recollection. This aside is further proof that the liturgical movement still has to do a great deal to offer its services to those who want to improve the image of Catholic prayer. There are ways and means to do this without destructive criticism.

Whether further changes will come depends on what Rome calls a *consilium* (not a *concilium*), the organ which assures that the plans of the Council are implemented and do not disappear or become dead letters. As long as Cardinal Lercaro is the head of this *consilium* and as long as his two main collaborators are alive, the Franciscan Father Antonelli and the opposite number, Father Bugnini, C.M., all will be well. Thus, when we are asked if more changes are to come, the answer is yes—if the staff does not change. So far only the surface and the outward rings have been affected. The inner sanctum of the liturgy of the Mass has not yet been reached. All the changes contemplated are: more gospels subdivided so as to make out of the one year course of the gospels a three- or four-year ring of more New Testament texts to be read on Sundays. This can do nothing but improve the present monotony of weekly readings; and it must enliven the sermons. It also spreads the knowledge of the average Catholic of

his great Kerygma: the message of salvation will be better understood. No true Catholic will regard this change as a loss. The changes will come out of sheer force of liturgical logic. For example, you cannot have concelebration without communion under both species and vice versa.

It is perhaps good for the understanding of the liturgical changes to quote a few examples of long drawn-out battles which seem to be already forgotten. For instance, as long ago as the Pontificate of St. Pius X the authorities of Rome made it clear that the so called Leonine prayers at the end of low Mass were to be omitted when a dozen conditions applied (the sermon, numerous communions, the festive character of the Mass). Yet, in practice, at least in the United States, nobody seemed to take advantage of this provision. The members of the liturgical movement tried again and again to remedy this odious obligation. In view of the inferior composition of the Leonine prayers this timidity on the part of the clergy and laity is only explained through mis-applied pastoral considerations. What the higher authorities thought of this was shown when it was announced that the Leonine prayers were "suppressed."

We remember well with what suspicions the altar-versus-populum was received. There was a long battle for understanding. By this time even the luke warm followers of the liturgical renewal had adopted this gladly. We will say nothing about the vernacular. These cases could be multiplied by the dozens, and more, starting with evening Mass, the new regulations of fast and abstinence, reconstruction of the sanctuary, and many more changes. The coming generations will undoubtedly forget what a hard struggle, what endless patience, and what an amount of learning were required to change even the smallest minutiae involved in reconstruction. It was surprising how long it took some ecclesiastics to realize what had happened. The first consternation was expressed after some reforms had already been instituted when the Easter Vigil was published. Had it not been for Father Thomas Carroll and Mr. John Cort who organized several last minute briefings, the Easter Vigil would have had rough sledding almost everywhere in the United States. Even then it was not generally understood that the Vatican meant business.

The Canon

We are still hoping for the canon in the mother tongue. We are hoping for a better distribution of Scripture in the missal as well as in the breviary. The

canon of the Mass badly needs reform. Its composite character is all too obvious. There are dozens of minor requests which we can not put down yet, all of them dealing with the popularization of the liturgy. Unless the Mass is made more relevant it will be passed by as antiquarian. It may be more regrettable that so many subtle overtones are being lost through the translation and popularization of the text. But as long as we want to make the liturgy relevant to the unsubtle twentieth-century Christian we may as well make a thorough job of it. The closer the celebration of Mass resembles the gospel report the better it is, even at the risk of losing some of the majesty and gravity of our present missal.



Is the work of the liturgical conference organizations finished? I shall venture to answer no. Certainly the liturgical week will have to undergo change; its work is less propaganda for the liturgy than a deepening of its understanding. For this job we don't foresee enormous problems for the future, though reorganization of the Liturgical Weeks has been necessary. Last year there were 17,000 faithful attending the Mass at the auditorium provided for it. Everything was beautifully organized, but we seemed to prefer more intimate circles for the future. Another job of the liturgical conference is even more important: the distribution of liturgical literature which tells the others, Christians and clergy, "how to do it."

The first generation of liturgists have already made room for the second. The center of the movement was for many years in Chicago and the number of German names was formidable. This has all changed now. The Midwest is still ahead of the other parts of the country in many respects. But the East has come a long way; Boston and Baltimore have provided the intellectual leadership of Father McManus, Father Shehan, John Mannion and others. In most dioceses qualified young priests are being sent to Europe for further training. They will provide the liturgical training required by the Council.

Never in the history of a large country like the United States has the image of the Church been changed so profoundly and so rapidly. Some bishops have changed their views radically. Instead of having the liturgical movement as a thing to watch over with a suspicious eye, they now welcome all the genuine products of its twenty-five years of labor. The response of the laity is naturally not uniform; where the hierarchy sat on the issue in the past it appears now difficult to introduce the laity to the radical changes. But there are hundreds of cases where the laity has demanded action; in both places the change borders on the miraculous. The revolt of some intellectuals against it should not be taken too seriously; part of the rebels are left over from another period in history. Some intellectuals are so ignorant in matters of liturgy that we can only hope that they will be left alone with their missal. There is always a Mass in the old style available. And since they are accustomed to close their eyes and ears automatically they can now do this whenever the pace of the liturgical reform is too fast for them. But they cannot ask us to stop carrying out the work of the Council. We are late, dangerously late. There is no time for ritual performance; we must take our place in the vanguard of true worship.



KATHERINE GORMAN

MIGRANT WORKERS

From dawn they raced the coming rain and broke
Their backs in homage to the fattened fields.
As heat dissolved the sweaty earth they spoke
In grunts, and brute-like, trampled green and gold
As crows wheeled by and plunged on their affairs.
The clouds cracked open, hot day embered out
In scorching mud and thunderbolting airs:
Man and boy, they fled the falling sky.

Drunken with toil, they gulped their bitter tea.
The rain beat gongs upon the crackling roof
And night grew silent with immensity.

Parched with a thirst he could not name, one takes
The Southwind like a lover to his lips
And dreams of fishes leaping icy lakes,
Dreams of a girl as fragile as a vine
Dancing weightlessly on some wild far shore,
Dreaming of jeweled bowls of fruit and wine.
The old man, waiting winter, dreams of home.

POST-TRIBAL WORSHIP



JOHN J. RYAN

In a moment of healthy irreverence often evident these days in priests' gatherings, a friend was heard to remark, "Now that we have the liturgy in English, the people will really see how absurd it is."

It isn't difficult to see what he meant. The priest, emerging like a god in an ancient pageant, ends a private colloquy with the servers to say, "The Lord be with you," to which we answer, "And with your spirit." (But where is the Lord if not with me? And what is the difference between one's spirit and one's self?) A little later, "We bless you . . . we give you thanks for your great glory." (Isn't "bless" a curious thing to do to God? And how is "glory" a gift for which we thank him?) And so on into the Eucharistic prayer (Canon) with its obscure and puzzling lists of ancient Roman worthies whom we "remember," and the plea that God will make our offering "proper and perfect" etc., etc. One begins to realize that our present liturgy is hardly representative of twentieth-century man. It was formed and fixed in all essentials in the last ages of Roman society, a liturgy "of the Fathers," as the Constitution on the Liturgy says. Understandably, the liturgy says next to nothing about the situation, the need, the insights of contemporary man.

The man for whom our liturgy was made was still fundamentally tribal man, immersed in what Jung calls "the participation mystique of the past." His security lay in being a member of the group; his conception of himself took shape around his function in the group. The mystery of his uniqueness had not emerged into view. Nor was the community in virtue of which he lived and worked ever his creation. Rather, before him it had always been there, unquestioned and unquestionable, ultimately the giver of all meanings. When Divine Revelation came to the community of ancient Israel, it had to bend to the values, the meanings of ancient Israel. God must be the god of the people, and of the community. God must fight its wars and grow its crops. How else could He have any *meaning* for

Israel? Community life was the only meaning men shared.

Passive, in a sense a creation of the community, the experiences and reactions of tribal man did not present themselves to him as a possible source of values. Truth was forever the "other," the outside reality that revealed the secret designs of God (the gods), explained the perplexing mysteries of things around him, and delivered him from doubt and struggle.

Our liturgy is a faithful reflection of the man of the past. Its idea of community is markedly lacking in inner differentiation. The specific personal thrust of the single individual finds no expression, either in the regimented physical movement or in the prayers. "We" always ask of God the same one thing for all of "us." We are a "people," a "flock," "the body of the faithful," "children," etc. Where is the prayer of persons, of adult persons; where is the "freedom of the sons of God?"

If one were to ask of this prayer-mentality, "Who am I?" the answer would come back: I am one of God's people, one of the redeemed. One like all the others. And what am I to say; how do I pray? I say what "they" say. And what do I experience of "them?" I experience the community, one huge, breathing presence. To whom am I related personally, and what is the quality and the meaning of each relationship? Useless to ask. My individual concerns are submerged, or perhaps generalized in the needs of the group. I have a generalized need of love, faith, repentance, trust, etc. When I speak, it is as part of one collective voice in a prayer which is *common* in the strictest meaning of the word. What is specific to me never finds its proper accents.

Waiting for "Jerusalem"

Individual members are passive toward the community itself. The Church is the "New Jerusalem" descended from the heavens, descended to receive us into its transcendent sphere as the timeless, holy Body of Christ, the People of God of the Church Universal. The quality of the community depends on Christ and the Holy Spirit, not on its person-members. The liturgical community, because it is the Church, always in a sense

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precedes us, always remains somehow independent of us. It is always "Your Church," "Your people" in liturgical prayers. The praying Church never asks her person-members, "What have *you* made me?" The question as to what she is, is addressed to God.

But if the Church is in the first place the presence and the power of Christ to us, it is the presence and power of the incarnate Christ, the Christ who became man and entered forever into all things human. He not only acts upon the members through the community; he acts upon the community *through the members*, also. Person-members of the Church must give back to that community the *new realities* which arise out of their personal lives in the actions of Christian personhood. In this sense the Christian person must be challenged to be responsible *for* the community.

Passivity implicit in our liturgy extends to our relationship to God. God must act upon *us*: "O God, you cleanse your Church by this celebration . . . O Lord, look upon your family," etc. "Visit us, O Lord. . . ." etc. There are few hints that *we* are to act in and with Him, and these are almost always couched in terms which suggest passivity rather than action—openness, receptivity, obedience, trust, etc. Now the true meaning of these words involves deep personal activity and commitment—but it is precisely these aspects of "obedience," etc., which are scarcely hinted at. But surely divine sonship requires an active, responsible love, demanding initiative, choice—a love which *creates* something not previously there.

Our Faith tells us that we are totally dependent upon Him, but actively dependent. Many prayers of the Mass, for example the "Gloria," are beautiful expressions of God's transcendent holiness. But where is there any indication that we are called to *act* in and with His holiness? We are constantly pleading our "wretchedness," "helplessness," "inconstancy," etc. On the other hand, we have expressions like "heavenly doctrine," "divine teachings," "saving precepts," "divine mysteries," which carry the implication that truth visits us in an already constituted state, having its own flesh and blood, its own personality, so to speak.

But what of the insight that truth is always a *process* within us, an activity of our own whereby we come to grips with realizations which grow within us? What truth comes from God nonetheless appears in the course of personal struggle. I come to understand the truth of my relationship to other human beings precisely by struggling to deal with them well, and in that struggle. Truth is never exclusively outside, anymore than it is exclusively inside; it is the expression of our involvement in the very environment in which we live—not

inside or outside, but encompassing. The sphere of struggle is not enclosed in darkness, yet our liturgy constantly speaks of darkness as the sphere over against the "light." The "darkness" of this world, the "darkness of our minds." This has its own truth, but we cannot honestly express ourselves in these meanings of the past. Light and darkness, for example, do not inhabit separate spheres in our lives; they coexist, cohabit in us. A mentality which sees truth as active relationship and attitude cannot be content with spheres wherein truth holds its place like a material substance.

Preoccupation With the "Thing"

A striking example of this mentality of a truth-thing is our central liturgical prayer, the Eucharistic prayer of the Mass. Almost exclusively preoccupied with the Body of Christ as a Thing to be offered, it contains no trace of the truth that what is present under the Eucharistic sign is Christ Himself, acting, offering loving obedience to His Father, and that these acts of Christ are what we present, what we enter into, as we offer the Eucharist. Instead, the value of our offering seems to be precisely the value of this divine Thing. "We ask you to take and to bless these *gifts*, these *tokens*, these holy unspotted offerings. . . . As for this whole offering, O God, please *bless it*, please accept *it*. . . ."

It is one thing to believe that Christ is truly present in the substantiality of His Body and Blood. It is quite another thing to imply that His Eucharistic offering is simply the presenting to the Father of His Body and Blood as an inert thing of priceless value, something like a fabled jewel. Catholic theology has explained very fully that the Body and Blood of Christ are themselves symbols of his self-offering for us all, but the symbols have suffered a fate common to most symbols—they have tended to become isolated from their vital references. Like the handshake which no longer denotes community of life, the symbols have lost their openness: their transparency to the great acts which they reveal has been obstructed, clouded. As a result our liturgy is envired in a constellation of truth-objects.

The liturgy also shares in the common ancient devaluation of the here and now, refusing to our present order any enduring significance. "With You as ruler and guide, may we pass through the good things of this world so as not to lose those of the world to come. . . ." But the true state of things, as we have come nearer to seeing it, is that the things of this world are already fundamentally, inchoately those of "the world to come." The Incarnation means, among other things, that now the "above" is already forever "below"; eternity has

entered time to transform it; the changing things of this world will one day endure forever, transformed in the "new heavens and new earth." Nothing of our temporal order is without its enduring significance.

With this hesitancy about the value of the here-and-now is the tendency to devalue the human body. In the Eucharistic liturgy the body is treated seriously only in one context—as the source of temptation to serious sin. There are numerous examples, especially in the penitential Masses, of a nicely balanced parallelism of phrase based on the antithesis of matter and spirit. We abstain from "food for the body" to receive more abundantly "food for the soul," etc.

It is incumbent upon the Church to offer a living liturgy which, while it elevates, also represents the best and highest values present in mankind of the historical moment. We are entering what might provisionally be called the Age of the Person. The problem of personal life, its meaning, its quality, its tendency, is central to the characteristic struggles of our time. We continue to fight on all fronts the great battle for a just and humane social order, and there is no sign that this battle is shortly to be won. But that very struggle is acquiring a new focus. The value and meaning of the individual person is the justification for all attempts at social reform, the barometer of their success.

A new sort of humanism is taking shape in dialectic with the scientific and technological forces of the modern era. Those forces tend toward standardization and a general unification of life. All over the world people are in touch with each other, the life of each nation reacting to that of all the others. Ideas, new social forces are everyone's possession, as are the styles of art, humor, etc. But that unification would be premature unless it produced a union fully human, a true interchange and exchange among persons. What challenges this unification is an internal problem—a refusal to let ourselves be summarized, managed too soon. We will not be unified on the level of past attitudes towards man.

Man, Not Formulas

Contemporary man's search for meaning and value does not lead him to look about for fixed formulas. The good is something to be *done*, the truth something to be *made*. He will not learn to do without God, grace or revealed truth, for never was man in greater need of them than now. But what God has given supernaturally are not fixed forms. Divine revelation and grace, if they are to come to life in contemporary man, will live in always new forms, new achievements. Typical

of the new conditions is the dissatisfaction with the traditional, historic conceptions of such matters as natural law, the morality of war, capital punishment, the question of individual responsibility under the commands of authority, the meaning of marital union and human sexuality. His objections all amount to saying that these conceptions have been framed without considering the realities of personal life. *Who* man is has been left out of the picture.

Contemporary man finds no difficulty in accepting the reality of the world of matter and history, precisely because he is learning that *he* is its reality. And it is in the arena of this struggle that he looks for God, especially within the world of personal life. Christian faith tells us that God's presence within the world is transcendent, that He is distinct from it, that it exists only through His omnipotent will. But here, nonetheless, He is.

He has bridged infinite distance to be with and within us and has chosen to set the Creator-creature contrast in the background for the immeasurably greater intimacy of personal union: Father to Son, Lover to beloved. These are our unitary involvements with God, and they are the basis of a new language for human-divine dealings.

We hear less talk today of "law" and "obedience," "duty" and "virtue," more of "encounter," "commitment," "involvement." Sacraments are being seen in terms of personal relationship, with God and with the Church. Prayer is personal exchange: grace is personal relatedness and involvement. A community of persons is at once richer, more various and more "related" than a community of tribal men. Every person is already a world, an involved network of relationships and attitudes. The unity of all men in the family of God, the Body of Christ, is not like a natural convergence of undifferentiated units upon a center. It is rather a matter of a Center (Christ) for centers, a complex integration of autonomous centers, free worlds.

Freedom is the characteristic of this movement of persons towards community. All that we have, humanly speaking, in each parish grouping is a *basis* for human community, a possibility for it. Real community in depth must be created—that is, chosen by the members. And the community must be always open to new possibilities, new ways for the members to choose their communion with each other. The structures of contemporary community are yet to be elaborated. But they will achieve real communal life only as the members are encouraged to attempt a fuller personhood, separately and with each other.

The effect of all this upon the religious and human

values of community prayer cannot yet be foreseen. What is apparent is that there must be some effect. What we will want to give to God is not some thing, some act, but ourselves in our deepest spontaneity, a gift not utterly like the gift of any other person. We will be restive towards an inordinately collectivized, impersonal atmosphere in community prayer.

We will find not particularly helpful the undeveloped, formulated references to sin and to the Christian virtues. Before our acts have names—like pride and impatience, or humility and charity—they have an existence as certain relationships with other people, God, and ourselves. Only the situations can reveal them—the liturgy must teach us to see our situations and confront our own attitudes, which, being subjective—personal to me and my experience of myself—cannot be adequately described objectively. If we must describe them objectively, at least let us pay much attention to this “existential,” individual element in all actions. At least let us deepen and develop the formulas. This, in itself, would require a new terminology for our liturgy to use in speaking of sin and virtue.

Our contemporary sense of liturgy will tend to resent the too-casual attitude of our historical liturgy to the divine significance of personal and social struggles. It will sooner or later have to reflect the longing we feel for a sense of the dynamic presence of Christ in the developing integration of the universe whose center He is. Indeed, the very way we express our love for God and our dedication to His saving will must be itself conditioned and colored by the realities and problems of the life of our times. It matters little that our liturgy would then be liable to the “dating” process, as the struggles and conceptions of the world about us change or develop.

The Priest-President?

One wonders, for instance, what would happen if our people gathered in their churches to have a sort of town meeting. They would discuss their needs as men, as persons, as families, as workers, as a parish. They would talk about their projects and ambitions and the progress of such. They would discuss their worries and their burdens. They would share their developing insights and realizations, their “new lights” about the life of Christian truth and its implications. And then the priest-president, in summing it all up, would try to express, in dialogue with them, the sense of Christ which had emerged in the assembly. This could give the ancient Eucharistic prayer—as well as the whole action of the liturgy, a whole new tone and content. The

liturgy which would then emerge would be, to say the least, interesting.

Before a creative renewal of the liturgy can take place, however, we will have to pray our present liturgy with a serious effort at making it meaningful and operative in our lives and the Church’s life today. We will have to try to understand and “inhabit” every prayer, every action, every gesture and symbol, to see the content of our prayers and our actions in terms of our very real and personal experiences and struggles. We will have to avoid meaningless gestures, promises, and avowals. Apart from the spiritual benefits of such efforts, we would then come to see what in our liturgy is as truly relevant to our age as to past ages, what has become lifeless or outgrown with the passing centuries.

Meanwhile, to stimulate the emergence of a meaningful contemporary liturgy, the Church should begin a program of informed and responsible experimentation, keeping in mind that only certain groups within the larger community of the Church are intellectually and psychologically prepared to profit by such a program. It is not likely that there is a large proportion of “contemporary” men among today’s Catholics. Efforts might well center on university parishes and those whose members are mostly professionals. Such people, by training and daily contact, are exposed to the peculiar characteristics of our age. They learn about or they deal with those who pursue the current projects of our civilization.

Opportunities could present themselves for approved experimenting with improvisations within the liturgy, planned but often impromptu and informal additions and substitutions in the present structure and text of public worship. These might take the direction of greater exchange and converse among the worshippers themselves, the priest-president acting as something of a chairman and commentator.

Nothing but the roughest sort of sketch could be given now for such experiments, for the same reason that we can scarcely envision what sort of liturgy would finally emerge from the labors of a contemporary consciousness. A living liturgy must grow from the real needs and possibilities of the praying community. That community is given. Its divine endowment is a constant presence and possibility within it. All that is really needed is that it be given its own voice. Men will always pray out of hearts excited and oppressed by their situation, crying for redemption. At first, tentatively and sporadically, gradually with greater assurance and more general effect, the Body of Christ in our day will form its own speech and find its true prayer.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE

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LEO T. MAHON

Copies of *Commonweal* come to Panama by boat and thus arrive a month late; even so they, as always, provide interesting reading. Of particular interest was Father Reinhold's article "Mass of the Future," in last year's Liturgy issue. After reading it, I could not help but remember a past incident. Years ago H.A.R. of *Orate Fratres* fame was the scourge of the conservatives and the pebble in almost everyone's shoe. Some 18 years back, while still a very immature seminarian, I wrote a letter to H.A.R. suggesting that, for the sake of the still precariously young liturgical movement, he soften his criticisms of the reactionaries and not go so far out on proposed changes in the worship of the Church. Defending himself very adequately, he replied that "someone has to pioneer, someone has to awaken the collective conscience of the American clergy and laity." The pioneering has been done, that collective conscience is—at least partially—now awake, we have no cause, some think, to be sharply critical of the *present* liturgical trends.

But the questions arise in my mind: Dare we be so satisfied? Have we no need of new H.A.R.'s? Personally, I believe there is a desperate need of such men, men who would follow the example of the H.A.R.'s and continue criticizing—men who, if they cannot always equal the fine style of Father Reinhold, would still emulate his daring spirit and his love of the Church.

I for one find the present reform of the liturgy quite unsatisfactory. I do not direct my criticism against the Fathers of the Council. Quite the contrary, it seems to me that the Bishops have done almost everything they were asked to do: they have insisted on a return to the Word of God as the primary fount of spirituality; they have reinstated the Paschal Mystery as the center of Christian worship; they have given us a large measure of the vernacular so as to make the liturgy much more intelligible and practicable.

If they have not done more, they have not been asked to do more. I direct my criticism, instead, at ourselves, the pastors. It is highly possible that it is precisely we

who are failing the Church—we who, above all, should be able to feel, reflect and write on what the People of God need in the way of relevant liturgy.

Let me be more specific. I shall confine myself to three matters which hopefully will illustrate the need for much more radical change: the Canon of the Mass, the Liturgy of Baptism, and "parochial" liturgy.

Canon of the Mass

Last year Father René Laurentin, conciliar theologian to the French hierarchy, visited most of the countries of Latin America to gather ideas on possible reforms within the Church. While visiting here at San Miguelito in Panama, he asked us what change we would most like to see in the Liturgy. We at once replied: "a new Canon." He gasped and said: "But no one has proposed such a change." We answered: "Well, we would like to propose it because we see it as the most necessary of all possible reforms."

Why a new Canon? A year ago this writer gave a two-day clergy conference to the priests of the diocese of Cuernavaca in Mexico. In one of the discussions, I asked the 80 priests present, "What is the essential symbolism of the Mass?" One young priest answered that the Mass is a sacrifice. "Yes," I responded, "but under what symbolism?" "The symbol is relatively unimportant," he answered; "what is important is that the Mass is the sacrifice of the Cross." Again I countered: "Of course, the Mass is a sacrifice; that is 'de fide definitiva.' But the sacrifice of Christ occurred but once and we cannot directly participate in an event that took place almost two thousand years ago. That same Sacrifice is now symbolically but truly re-presented; since we can but participate in the symbol that effects the Sacrifice, it is most important that we have a clear notion of the symbol." The discussion then descended into a welter of conflicting opinions on the symbolism of the Mass, and we concluded that it would hardly be fair to criticize the laity for not knowing what the Mass is if the clergy themselves have no clear idea of this central act of worship.

Despite the confusion at Cuernavaca (caused no

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doubt, at least in part, by the speaker), there is a growing recognition within the Church that the symbolism of the Mass lies exactly in the truth that it is a Eucharistic banquet, or more simply, a thanksgiving meal. For this we owe a great debt of gratitude to theologians and historians such as Fathers Rahner, Jungman and Norris. Under their leadership we appear to be discarding contrived opinions, for example, that the symbolism resides in separate consecration of species; instead, we are returning to the ancient consciousness of *community meal*.

But is the Mass immediately and clearly recognizable as a community or family meal? The answer, I would suggest, is no. And one of the principal reasons for this lack of clarity is the Canon. The Canon ought to be the great declaration of what we are doing, for it is the ritual blessing of the thanksgiving meal. In the liturgy as it now stands, we have at the very center a *massive hole*, a very unfortunate period of silence. The topic sentence of the Thanksgiving Prayer is entirely missed by the people.

Missing the "Pivotal-Scene"

Two examples occur to me to illustrate the point, one real, the other imaginary. Years ago we were treated to an Andy Hardy film in the seminary. Some overzealous censor decided that a certain swimming pool scene was not for the eyes of young seminarians and, putting his hand over the lens, blocked out the scene. It so happened that the plot of the picture centered on what occurred at the pool side. To this day we do not know what the film was all about.

Example two: Last year at the Democratic convention President Johnson proposed his candidate for the vice-presidency. In a series of "the man who" clauses, he built up the suspense until the very last moment of naming his man. What would have been the effect had he uttered the climactic sentence containing the candidate's name in such a low voice that no one could have heard the name? One can imagine the convention exploding with cries of "louder, louder"—possible even of "fraud!"

We have in the Mass something very similar. Because of the silent Canon, the people neither hear nor understand the center, the "pivotal-scene" of the Mass. The celebrant reads many prayers aloud but not the one single prayer that would make the Mass intelligible. Perhaps we could easily remedy this defect by simply asking permission to read aloud or sing the Canon in the vernacular. But such a permission, if obtained, would hardly be an adequate solution and might even

cause more confusion. Why? Because the present Canon, starting out well enough in the Preface as a hymn of thanksgiving, quickly degenerates into a Gallican hodgepodge of legalistic phrases, ungrammatical constructions, curious repetitions of ideas, invocations of saints, prayers for the living and the dead and for peace—none of which belongs in a properly constructed Eucharistic prayer. The present Canon, a late-comer to the Roman Mass, hardly resembles the simple, clear thanksgiving prayers of the ancient liturgies.

No, saying the present Canon aloud and in the vernacular would be no adequate solution. What we manifestly need is a new Canon, and we need it right away. What does it profit us to make all the auxiliary parts of the Mass intelligible if the Mass itself, at its heart, the Canon, remains a silent and confused declaration? Perhaps, the reason for this confusion is our misguided effort to preserve the sense of *mystery* in the Liturgy. I say "misguided" because it is not the simple symbols which should be mysterious—the pouring of water, the return of the prodigal, the marriage act, eating a community meal—but rather that which the symbols effect, the Great Encounter of Jesus Christ. Having seriously misinterpreted the meaning and function of mystery, we in the West have built, as it were, an altar screen that prevents the people from seeing and understanding the Eucharist. That screen, the language and form of the Canon, is far more impenetrable than the Iconostases of the Oriental rites.

What can we do? We here in San Miguelito have a lector (a layman) read the ancient Canon of Hippolytus. But we realize full well that our solution is unsatisfactory because, while the Canon of Hippolytus presents in clear language the Eucharistic Action, still it is precisely the function of the *president* of the community, the *celebrant*, and not a lay reader, to announce the Thanksgiving prayer. We must exhort the Bishops to give us a new Canon! It seems to me that we pastors have not so pleaded!

Thanks to the assiduous efforts of the Council Fathers, we now have or soon shall have permission to perform the ceremony of baptism in the vernacular. But why have we pastors not spoken up to say how woefully inadequate is the present baptismal liturgy? It is a curious collection of symbols, exorcisms, anointings and prayers, borrowed with little inner coherence from the various preparatory ceremonies which formerly led up to the initiation of baptism. I am sure the people will be interested in hearing and watching what, in the vernacular, amounts to a rather mystic initiation ceremony, but one which very little resembles a meaningful entrance into the Family of God.

Inasmuch as most Catholics are baptized as infants, we need a new ceremony in which the emphasis is put on the role of the godparents who, in the name of the Christian community, promise (more, swear) to assume responsibility for this new child of God. We must cut out the exorcisms of the devil; they imply that the child is possessed by the devil whereas he most certainly is not. We ought to remove the preliminary anointing which initiates the child into the catechumenate—by no stretch of the imagination is the child ever a catechumen, even for the few moments up until his chrismatic baptismal anointing!

Every sacrament is a renunciation, an encounter, an oath-taking; if the person to be baptized is too young to renounce the spirit of the world, to encounter Christ, to swear his oath, then it should be the Christian Community (represented by the godparents) which does these things for him, and which further promises to return with the child when he is old enough so that he can make his own personal renunciation and swear his own personal oath of loyalty to Christ and to Christ-Extended-in-the-World.

Here in Panama, a rite of baptism for adults is hardly necessary (almost all Panamanians are baptized as infants); but for other parts of the world the need is evident for a new ceremony for adults, one that makes sense, one that is not offensive. Do we really wish to imply that all people entering the Church need to be exorcised? (If in primitive, backward countries there still exists devil-worship, then such an exorcising ceremony could be optional, to be used at the discretion of the pastor, according to place and circumstance.) Why should we have to pretend that the adult candidate is receiving in the actual ceremony his “first taste” of the teaching of God whereas he has been under instruction for several months? If he is to be anointed and initiated into the catechumenate, then it ought to be done at the beginning of his probation period and not at its conclusion, the baptism.

If the candidate is to renounce the spirit of the world, why not have him do it in simple, clear words? If he is to swear an oath, then it should sound like an honest-to-God oath. Those of us who baptize hundreds of times a year ought to tell our Bishops of the deleterious effect of such ceremonies on ourselves and on our people. Ceremonies like good furniture, it seems to me, fall into two categories—one, impractical but interesting because of age, the antique; the other beautiful and also functional, to be sat in or used. The former, people admire but do not feel comfortable in using; the latter fits a current need while retaining a classic simplicity. The rite of baptism, as it now stands, is lovely old

bric-a-brac, an interesting museum piece for all to admire except for those for whom it must be a once-in-a-lifetime initiation or for those who must administer it to people hungering for reality much more than for history.

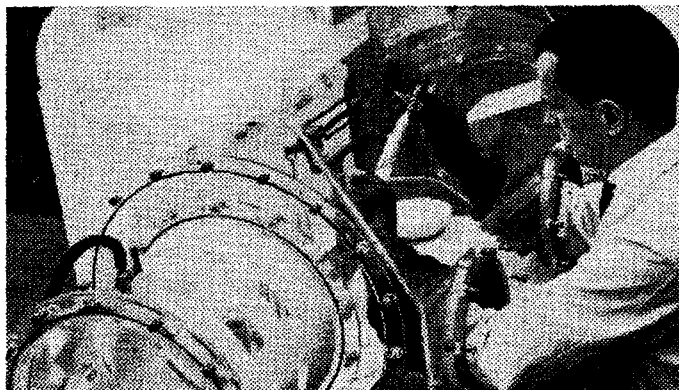
Parochial Liturgy

The most serious of my criticisms concerns the failure to distinguish between pontifical liturgy and pastoral or “parochial” liturgy. Everyone seems to be so fascinated by the reform of the present (pontifical) liturgy that we have failed to note the urgent necessity for “parochial” liturgy.

The terminology to be used in this matter is rather arbitrary, so please allow me to define my terms. The Church is, above all, community in Christ. Unless we be a “convoked” and united people, we are not Christ at all. As St. Paul puts it: “this is your only hope, that of your convocation.” The Church then can be divided into primary and secondary community. Primary Christian community is that in which people share the same faith, ideals, friendships and the same (eucharistic) table. The dominant note of Church as primary community is *intimacy* and because intimacy is so necessary, this kind of community can hardly rise above a membership of 200 families. Were not the Epistles written to precisely such primary communities? Such were called churches or ecclesiolae. Today they would be the small rural or suburban parish, in which a high degree of intimacy is feasible, wherein all can stand on a first-name basis.

Secondary Christian community is that grouping of people which results from the union of primary communities. In secondary communities, people also share the same faith, ideals, discipline and Eucharist. But here the need for universality, the demands of a more complicated society call for a more formal union, one in which greater formality replaces the element of intimacy. Thus we see that the Church is and must be at once primary and secondary community. It is important to note, however, that just as a nation (secondary group) is only as strong as its primary groups (families and local communities), so also the Church will only be as vibrant and strong as its primary communities.

Perhaps a description of San Miguelito will serve to illustrate these definitions. San Miguelito is a *corregimiento* (something akin to a North American borough or ward) some nine miles square with 30,000 inhabitants. Although ecclesiastically set up as a parish, it is not a parish in the sense of primary community and can



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never be. Within San Miguelito there are many small communities with their own names and identities.

Each should become a primary Christian community, a parish, a church, an ecclesiola, wherein the residents know and love one another in the Lord; each of these primary groups needs its own clergy (a deacon, at least) and its own liturgy. That liturgy of its very nature should be very intimate and highly intelligible and, above all, a fitting vehicle by which these people swear their loyalty and love to one another in the Lord.

The entire area of San Miguelito because of its size and complexity is much closer to a diocese than to a parish and its main church must serve not only as a parish church but also as a collegiate church or cathedral. The principal church must serve as unifying place of all the smaller churches or parishes; the liturgy celebrated there must be more formal and easily be more splendid. It need not (and indeed cannot) be so intimate, but rather borrows from the intimate liturgical experience of the smaller community. If 2,000 people communicate at one single Mass, the whole effect of an intimate paschal supper can easily be lost *unless* those participating have enjoyed the unforgettable experience of being united at the Lord's table with a small group of truly close friends. I remember asking a young

Puerto Rican boy how he withstood the terribly formal, cold Sunday Masses in a certain Chicago parish. He replied: "It's difficult, Father, but I often close my eyes and relive the Mass that I attended with you and the other men on the Cursillo and then I say to myself: 'this is the same Mass!'"

Pontifical liturgy, in the rubrical sense of the word, is that in which a Bishop celebrates or presides. In a deeper, existential sense, however, pontifical liturgy is precisely what the word indicates—a *bridge* liturgy which is used to join various primary Christian communities; it is through pontifical liturgy that churches become Church. I do not wish to appear to be taking a step backward, but there are surely circumstances in which pontifical liturgy needs a universal language. I recall one parish in Chicago in which there exist three primary language groups: Poles, Puerto Ricans and English-speaking Americans. I would venture to say that at least for a time these groups do, as a matter of fact, constitute primary Christian communities and should have their own proper liturgy in their own language. But since they live in the same territorial parish and must relate to one another, there ought also to be a pontifical, a "bridge" liturgy which would unite all three groups in the Lord. A common language would seem



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to be necessary for such a function and I would say English would be the most appropriate—Latin would serve only to complicate and further mystify. On the other hand, if Bishop and priests from churches all over the world gather for Mass in one of the ancient centers of Christianity such as Rome or Jerusalem, then it would be highly appropriate to use one of the ancient pontifical liturgies and one of the ancient liturgical languages.

To sum up, then, pastoral or *parochial* liturgy is that of the small, primary Christian community and, of its nature, must be intimate, simple, highly intelligible, flexible and, of course, entirely in the language of the group. *Pontifical* liturgy is not merely that which is celebrated by a bishop but rather that liturgy which stems from a bishop—in our part of the world, the Bishop of Rome—and which is used to bridge or unite primary communities into Church; by its very nature, it must be more formal, less intimate, and might possibly require a universal tongue.

With all this as preface, I can now phrase my criticism simply and directly: (1) we now have a reformed pontifical liturgy (or the beginning of such a reform) but I am not so sure we know how to use it; (2) we are left completely without a “parochial” liturgy.

The most obvious (but not the only) place for the pontifical bridge liturgy is the cathedral church of the diocese. In many places now, the cathedral is also a parish church, with regular Sunday Masses for the parishioners. On occasion the bishop presides or celebrates but usually for the same body of parishioners. This, I would say, is not the proper use of a cathedral. In former ages in Europe, cathedrals were built to accommodate under one roof all the people of the area with their common father, the bishop. Indeed, at one time, the King of Spain decreed that cathedrals had to be built large enough to accommodate all the people of the see city! In our own day of large populations and dioceses, such a procedure would clearly be out of the question. But would it not be possible to accommodate the cathedral and pontifical liturgy to modern needs?

Why, for instance, could not the bishop invite large representations from several different parishes along with their clergy for periodic Masses in the Mother Church of his see? Could he not thus invite workers and employers, poor and rich, colored and white, Spanish-speaking and Polish-speaking to a common “bridging” Mass wherein he would teach them from his chair (*ex cathedra*) of their need for unity, charity and justice and then challenge them to express and deepen their love for one another in the Lord by coming to the Table of the Lord, warning those who would

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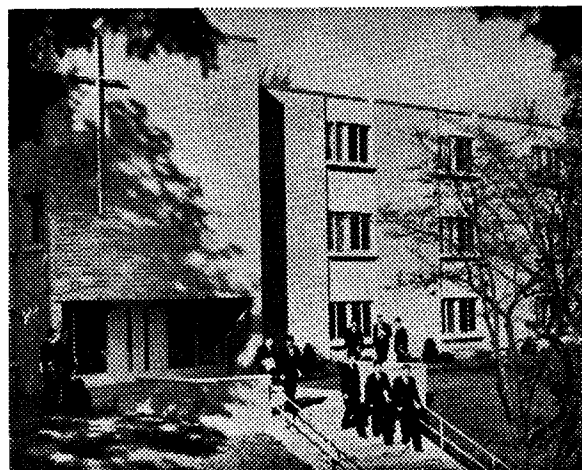
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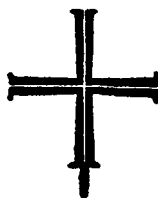
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refuse to make this personal *com-mitment* to one another to stay away from the table under pain of serious sin? What if further the Bishop could hold a modern "agape" for these very same groups, a breakfast-reception in the cathedral hall where they would meet over rolls and coffee to make and cement friendships! The success of such a pontifical venture, however, would depend largely on the "parishes" so invited being truly genuine Christian communities. And so I come to the principal point, that of the primary Christian community and its proper *parochial* liturgy.

San Miguelito is made up of many small communities: one of them is the little barrio of Cristo Rey inhabited by about a hundred very poor, worker families. Through no fault of their own they are poorly educated and largely ignorant of their religion; but they are deeply desirous of becoming instructed Christians, of conquering the petty quarrels and serious disputes that divide them and render the sign of Christ in Cristo Rey obscure or even contradictory. One of us goes there once or twice a week to instruct, form and unite them: above all, he should be able to do these things with the liturgy. But alas, what happens? He is obliged to use pontifical liturgy, the same used in the cathedral that day, the same used in the university chapels and in the most highly developed centers of the Western world.

What price conformity! It matters not that the Scripture lessons of that day have no particular relevance to the stage of instruction of that community! It matters not that the orations do not conform to the current needs of the group! It matters not that the ceremonial kiss of peace would be a very artificial gesture in Cristo Rey while the *abrazo* (Latin hug) would be very meaningful. It matters not that the reading aloud of the diptychs, the remembrances of the living and the dead, would be a significant way to remind the people of their unity in Christ! It matters not that the language used in the liturgy is often unintelligible to these people because we are restricted to "authorized" translations. (Several weeks ago I used three different "authorized" translations of the gospel passage citing the Psalmistic prophecy: "The Lord said to my Lord: 'Sit here at my right hand while I make your enemies your footstool'" and still was unable to get the point across because the Panamanian poor have never seen a footstool.) It matters not that a certain amount of spontaneous prayer would have a tremendous effect on these people while prayer that is all formal leaves them cold and fearful!

The bishops, abbots or whoever it was who composed our Masses long ago must have had in mind the current state of assimilation of their people and so devised the liturgy to fit the people. But now we have to fit the

people to the liturgy, an excruciating task indeed; but I, for one, do not understand why we must "crucify" the people in this manner. A good father buys shoes to fit his children; he does not buy shoes at random and force his children to wear them, no matter how uncomfortable.

I would argue that the pontifical liturgy, that which we have now, properly simplified and amplified, will serve very well the cream of our people whom we choose to represent us in the pontifical or bridging liturgy. There are, for example, 13 well-trained apostolic men in Cristo Rey. The best of these, though he can barely read, is a man named Julio Aguilar, who, if we had the necessary permission, could be ordained a deacon tomorrow. If we invite Julio Aguilar to a function in the principal church of San Miguelito or in the cathedral of Panama, he will not understand everything; but his failure to comprehend all does not bother him particularly because he is able to intuit that, in this type of ceremony, unity between diverse groups and classes, universality, is as important as understanding. But what Julio cannot understand, and neither can I, is why, when a priest goes to the small homogeneous group of simple people in Cristo Rey, he must use formal, often unintelligible rites.

Father Jungman tells us there was once a parallel pastoral or "parochial" liturgy alongside the "pontifical" liturgy that is our precious inheritance. But the Council Fathers or the Post-Conciliar commissions can hardly be blamed for not restoring to us so vital a part of our worship unless we pastors who live and die, laugh and cry with the people, we who see the blank stares in the eyes of our people when they do not understand or the twinkling light when they do—unless we speak up and respectfully ask for a parochial liturgy to complement the pontifical liturgy now in our possession.

It is said that we are now entering the age of "free speech" in the Church. Thank God we have lived to see such a millenium. But we must bear in mind that the right of free speech carries with it the sacred responsibility of thinking, reflecting, planning, and criticizing constructively. I have always been struck by the forceful challenge contained in the very Jewish expression of Christ:

"He who has ears, let him hear!"

"He who has eyes, let him see!"

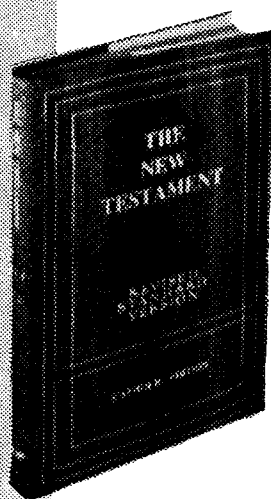
We who work in pastoral care ought, perhaps, to add two more admonitions in the strong style of the Lord:

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THE SCREEN

What with the success of "La Dolce Vita" and splurge of "Boccaccio '70," it was inevitable that other film makers should get in the act of commenting on social mores and today's "sweet life." The British entry, "Darling," is the most spectacular—not only for its frank exposure of current society but also for its brilliant film making. The story is about an attractive English woman who rises through the years from model to princess. But "Darling" manages much more than the usual glamorous-sordid fare in its recounting of the life of Diana, a determined, amoral, self-centered and self-deceptive but at times calmly lucid heroine. "There's nothing wrong with someone helping you with your

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career now, is there?" she asks at one point in her climb.

The film doesn't answer the many questions it proposes; nor does it explain how Diana got that way. But it does show what she is and what she does and the various people along the way who are involved in her rise and fall, and are perhaps little better than this shallow woman. Diana may be superficial, but the film about her is not. Everyone who worked on "Darling" contributed to its success; and it is obvious that script-writer Frederic Raphael, whose dialogue and character delineations are penetrating, Joseph Janni, who gave the picture its handsome production, and John Schlesinger, whose first-rate direction has a cinematic flow that rises above the mundane-mean subject matter, worked together in close harmony to get the startling and often ironically bitter effects they wanted. During most of "Darling," Diana is being interviewed for her life story for *Ideal Woman*. We do not see her; we hear her; but what we do see is what really happened—events that don't always tally with her spoken version.

Schlesinger has handled his large cast expertly. Appearing in a series of stunning costumes, Julie Christie, a comparative newcomer, gives Diana a glow and surface charm that belie the selfish, mean-spirited woman whose beguiling ways with men spell both her rise and fall. Without a twinge of conscience, she leaves her "nice, immature" husband to set up housekeeping with a TV interviewer who walks out on his own wife and kids thinking this is the big love of his life. The role is so well played by Dirk Bogarde that one wonders how any man of intelligence could get caught in the Diana-trap, a trap that is cruelly released when Diana turns to a cold, suave publicity man, portrayed by Laurence Harvey in the best performance of his career, a portrait of seductive evil.

As the locale moves back and forth between England and the Continent, Kenneth Higgins' lovely black-and-white photography captures the feel of place and people in an atmosphere that is often far from healthy when revealing the "sweet life" at a society charity affair in London, a shocking *Cinéma Vérité* party in Paris, or camping at Capri. Outstanding in the large supporting cast that changes frequently as Diana flits from place to place, are Helen Lindsay as Diana's middle-class-morality sister, Roland Curram as a homosexual photographer who becomes Diana's playmate when she's in between lovers, and Jose Luis De Vilal-longa as the Italian prince who provides the final note of irony. Obviously "Darling" is not everyone's dish of tea. Its brilliance may prove too rich for some. And its cynicism, in spite of sparkling flashes of humor, may

be too disconcerting for others. But like "La Dolce Vita," it is enormously entertaining as it puts over its thoughtful what's-the-world-coming-to warning.

No doubt "Casanova '70" is meant to be a commentary on modern behavior too. Its main theme is that today's women, freed from all restraints, are such easy pushovers in the game of sex that the pursuit and conquest have lost all zip and stimulation for today's men. So the modern Casanova, as represented by an Italian NATO officer played by Marcello Mastroianni, is interested in sex only when there's great danger involved. His current mistress, impatient and frustrated, calls him an impotent crackpot and sends him to an analyst. This leads to one of those mock-analysis scenes in which the doctor, a queer weirdie himself, explains the situation to the none-too-bright NATO officer. And the rest of this lengthy 113-minute movie is concerned with

a succession of love affairs: from the easy, willing women, our lover boy flees; but when there's an element of danger—a jealous husband, relatives with guns, or even on one occasion a witch woman—this Casanova lives up to his reputation.

Needless to say, this thin plot gets repetitious and thinner as the episodes pile up. The film has its amusing moments and Mastroianni tries valiantly to make the most of them, and he is surrounded by a bevy of beauties like Virna Lisi and Marisa Mell. Strangely enough, the best thing about "Casanova '70" is the gorgeous color photography of its European locales. Perhaps there is something, though hardly much, to be said for the script's thesis; but the whole thing seems rather hastily and thoughtlessly put together. I wish director Mario Monicelli and actor Mastroianni would devote their talents to more worthy efforts like their last fine collaboration, "The Organizer." PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

The art of constructing pyramids of absurdity

Fred Allen's Letters

ED. BY JOE MCCARTHY

Doubleday, \$4.95

GERALD WEALES

One of the few lines in *The School for Scandal* that I have ever been able to care much about is the one about the pistol ball that "struck against a little bronze Shakespeare that stood over the fireplace, grazed out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman, who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire." I do not quote it here because it was a favorite of Fred Allen's although it might well have been (he was a notorious reader—rare among comedians), but because it illustrates a comic method which he used consistently and well. His comedy was built on circumstantiality, on an accumulation of detail which set up a context—realistic or fantastic—in which each line did more than get its own laugh; it built into the next and the next until a pyramid of

absurdity had been constructed—solid or tottering, depending on the force of the original conceit.

Any of the scripts printed in *Treadmill to Oblivion*, Allen's book about his days in radio, can show how he used this verbal device as a practicing comedian. Although it can be illustrated in speeches provided for the characters who lived along Allen's Alley, the best examples are likely to be in his own monologues. This is not because he kept the best material for himself, but because this kind of intricate build is essentially the sound of one voice talking, feeling its way through the debris of any situation, labeling and ordering as it goes.

It is not surprising, then, that the *Letters* are full of this kind of writing. Take the first one in the book, a thank-you note to a fan who had sent him some honey. It is a set comic piece rather than a real letter—hence strained and artificial in the context of more personal letters—but its account of the Allens' unproductive bee is a comic construction in which the joke lies in the

distance between the ludicrous invention and the explicitness in which it forlornly buzzes. A few pages on, in a letter to Groucho Marx, Allen piles up four paragraphs of circumstantial local color on the Stage Delicatessen ("the chef who looked out of the kitchen door while keeping his eyes on an order of scrambled eggs and onions not too brown") to say, simply, that he had liked one of Marx's shows. If the bee is pure fantasy and the Stage, at least as Allen describes it, the fantasy of exaggeration, his straight comic description displays the same cagey use of detail, as in these remarks on Maine in the summer:

the guests all look like people who eat in howard johnson stands all winter and they all have the same equipment. they drive up in pontiacs and desotos with the wife wearing woolworth sun glasses and the husband carrying a thermos bottle. they order double portions at all meals and sit around on the

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veranda and talk to each other about the same subjects. "the car is running well," "we stopped at the cutest motel just outside of fumfet harbor."

It was not simply his verbal skill that made Allen so good a comedian in his radio days, but what he did with it. He used his shows to comment, usually with a kind of amiable acidity, on the fads and foibles of his times. In retrospect, a good part of what he said is not very funny (his letters admit that turning out a script a week was a losing battle), but looking at a printed script twenty or thirty years after the nasal event that gave it life is to miss the whole idea of the Allen show: the sense of spending time with a comic who was smiling wryly at what was there, not setting up dummy targets that he could knock over in a burst of jocular self-aggrandizement. The letters have some of this same quality. They also have a slightly more bitter note, an occasionally venomous tone toward the men whom he considered the plagues of the trade: advertising agency men and network officials primarily, but also comics who get by on too little, people who want to use celebrities for causes, good or bad.

It is too bad that a review like this, one that pays tribute to a man as talented as Fred Allen, may help the sales (however slightly) of an extremely bad book. This collection of letters is disgracefully edited. McCarthy has divided it into sections ("Old Friends," "Show Biz People") which are pretty meaningless, since the same people turn up in several sections. It is impossible to get a real sense of an event or a relationship. A simple chronological presentation would have been a great deal better, for then we would have been able to follow Allen through the vaudeville and Broadway days, to the treadmill of radio, to the sad, loose-end days of TV and the beginnings of a new career as a writer of books.

Such a presentation might also have lightened the problem of identifying the vast number of people (called often by

first names or Allenish nicknames) who infest the letters; the identifications made by the editor are very haphazard and only occasionally helpful. It is too bad that this had to happen to Fred Allen. In a letter to Pat Weaver in 1936, Allen wrote: "i have checked on most of the programs but there isn't much to learn from our competitors. they have no structure, or form, and most of the production is slip-shod but perhaps that is the new style."

This People Israel

LEO BAECK

Holt, Rinehart, \$9.50

MICHAEL D. ZEIK

When the full intent of Hitler's racist policies began to be clear to the Jews of Germany, in the year 1937, they called on Rabbi Leo Baeck, then 64 years old, to take over presidency of the *Reichsvertretung der Juden in Deutschland*.

"They chose," one observer wrote, "their greatest rabbi . . . for with that sense of the future which long suffering seems to have bred within us Jews, they felt this time of need required a man who would not only strive to meet the archenemy with the weapons of worldly wisdom. It had to be a man wearing the armor the prophets wore . . . a man who drew his full strength out of his living belief in God. . . ."

They had not mistaken their man. This rather frail old scholar, a master of German culture as well as rabbinical studies, passed up opportunity after opportunity to escape abroad. In 1939, on the very eve of the outbreak of war, he escorted a group of children to safety in England, and then returned to suffer with his flock in Nazi Germany. Truly one of the authentic heroes of our times, he descended into the fiery furnace, and the flames did not consume him: either physically or psychologically. His mind, his heart, his hope remained intact.

On his fifth arrest he was sent to the concentration camp at Theresien-

stadt. There, a certain old Rabbi Beck passed away, and by some rare error of Nazi bureaucracy, word was released that the Rabbi Baeck had been eliminated. Prisoner 187-894 lived to publish the book he was then writing on hidden scraps of paper: *This People Israel: The Meaning of Jewish Existence*.

As may be imagined under the circumstances, the book is a high, solemn statement of faith, written more in blood than ink. Look not for the traditional Jewish humor, or even intellectual virtuosity here. Here is a book by a 20th-Century Jew, a master of Western Culture, setting forth why he is prepared to die with Israel, and why Israel remains a people of eternal hope—from Genesis in Mesopotamia through Exodus in Nazi Europe—certain to triumph over Nazi rape, torture, and butchery. By the same token, the book is a fitting capstone to the life work of Rabbi Baeck, a life work which deserves to be better known among Christian thinkers for reasons which will appear in a moment.

The great catalytic moment in Baeck's intellectual life was the publication, in 1901, of the famous work, *Das Wesen des Christentums*, by the leading Protestant theologian, Adolph von Harnack. Champion of what-would-today-be-called "Sacristy Religion," Harnack argued that the essence of Christianity was faith in eternal things, faith pure and simple. "Christianity," he wrote, "is no ethical or social arcanum for the preservation or improvement of things generally." He abhorred the concept of Christianity as a "welfare religion." To be sure, this is the characteristic exaggeration that German Protestantism took when it over-simplified Luther's dramatic dictum: "Sin boldly, but believe more boldly!" Or, again, "What are the Ten Commandments to me? Why should I require the law or good works for blessedness? When the nourishment of Christ does it, I may not do any good works to attain eternal life."

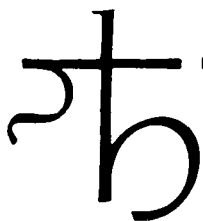
Harnack, then, and Luther, too-simply-understood, leaped from the hard task of "Creation," to the consolation

of an immediate and magical "Redemption." By contrast, the life work of Leo Baeck was to demonstrate that Judaism had remained open to the task of "Creation"—the task of bringing to moral completion the work set man by God when He presented to Adam His two great gifts: the world, and freedom.

The Christian, it would seem, need only safeguard, and transmit, from generation to generation, his treasure of ultimate faith and ultimate sacrament. The sanctification of this world was as unnecessary as it was impossible. The active work of the church was principally to convince others (by persuasion, if possible; by coercion, if called for) of the finality of Christian faith and Christian sacrament. Though we are no doubt

tired of hearing it, Karl Marx had to be a Jew. 19th-Century Christians did not think in terms of eradicating social injustice. They believed merely that the rich should give alms. No doubt these are broad generalizations with the weakness of generalization—also, the nuclear truth. As the segregationists know, no one in America has taken a more active role for the civil rights of the Negro than the Jews, both Rabbi and layman.

That the roots of Jewish activism are theological as well as sociological, is the faith of Leo Baeck. And here is the irony. The *aggiornamento* Christian is willing to sit at Baeck's feet and to restudy its catechism. Even Catholicism, which theoretically has always



Of timely interest

E. A. Goerner

PETER and CAESAR



The Catholic Church and Political Authority

Foreword by Jerome Kerwin. Professor Goerner of University of Notre Dame attempts to move towards a resolution of the church-state issue through a close examination of the relevant texts from the middle ages and the counter-reformation. He then appraises the conflict between the "canonists" and proponents of the views of John Courtney Murray, and offers some trenchant criticism of the "clericalism" implicit in the latter's thought as well as in the bases of the Vatican Council's proposed decree on religious liberty. The book concludes with an extensive sketch of the radical re-structuring of the Church's institutions which is necessary if the church-state question is to be resolved. \$5.95

Hubert Jedin — John Dolan, Editors

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AS THE STORY GOES . . .

. . . an ass once found a Lion's skin which the hunters had left out in the sun to dry. He put it on and went towards his native village. All fled at his approach, both men and animals, and he was a proud ass that day. In his delight, he lifted up his head and brayed, but then everybody knew him, and his owner came up and gave him a sound cudgelling for the fright he had caused. And shortly afterwards, a Fox came up to him and said: "Ah, I knew you by your voice."

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insisted on the necessity of righteous works along with right faith, admits to centuries of "historical heresy" of "Faith, alone." Moreover, Christians, by their very faith, are obliged to accept the mysterious role and destiny, the *theological* role and destiny, of the Jewish people in the redemptive history of the whole world. With minimum difficulty, the Christian reader finds himself a disciple of Rabbi Baeck. Could the same be said about the Jewish intellectual?

Baeck warns that one of the great themes of Jewish history is "The Hope" vs. "the hopes": i.e. the messianic destiny of Israel vs. the cultural, social, and political advancement of Jews. He recalls the futile experience of the prophet Jonah, who sought to flee the hard prophetic task set him by God. But a couple of years ago, the excellent Jewish periodical, *Commentary*, published statements by about ten leading Jewish intellectuals, on the place of Judaism in their lives. As I recall, those for whom Judaism had *any* meaning, mostly understood it in purely sociological terms. One, I think, associated his Jewish experience with the experience of God. It was Arthur Cohen in his book, *The Natural and the Supernatural Jew*, who warned that a mere renaissance of "natural" Jewishness—the humor, the philanthropy, and the special dishes—should not be confused with the problematical survival of "Supernatural Judaism"—the awareness of divine call, and the wrestling with the living God.

But Leo Baeck, himself, in life as in work, is flesh and blood testimony that God, in Paul's words, has *not* cast off His people. "For the gifts and the calling of God are without repentance." There is a Jewish legend that at all times, despite the falling away of the majority, God preserves a handful of righteous ones, "the zaddikim," through whom, as Baeck writes, "the strength for life would be preserved for this people. . . . Around their life, observed or not observed by the many, is a splendor that shines forth." So shone the life of Leo Baeck, Shepherd of his people.

New Challenges to American Catholics

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JOHN G. DEEDY JR.

Gary MacEoin's new book is perhaps more notable for its mood than its insights into the problems and challenges of American Catholic life in 1965. Mr. MacEoin focuses on recognized tension areas—education, affluence, marriage morality, worship, interracial justice, etc. His questions are the standard ones, and his answers are generally those of the "emancipated" Catholic. But with this difference: there is nothing tendentious or emotional in his approach; he says provocative things, yet with a calm that makes his positions unobtrusive.

For instance, he addresses himself to the subject of responsible parenthood: "The raising of children, their feeding, clothing, and education at the minimum level required to enable them to

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perform their proper function in society, is no joke. It is, consequently, not only permissible but virtuous for parents to ask themselves how many children they can reasonably expect and be expected to raise"

Thus he addresses himself to one aspect of life in a pluralistic nation: "I fear I have a negative reaction to the Legion of Decency program For whatever reason, it gradually became identified in the public mind as simply another Catholic pressure group The judgment of the Legion makes so little difference to the viewers that the industry does not even worry any more about seals of approval."

Thus he comments on Catholic schools: "What generally happens is that Catholics seek to duplicate existing (school) facilities, even though they are not in a position to provide competitive teachers and laboratories."

Michael Novak, Frank Getlein and Mary Perkins Ryan publish similar thoughts on the same topics and send authorities running up walls. Gary MacEoin writes and people nod sagely. Part of the explanation must be that Gary MacEoin is no bomb thrower; he positions himself on the side of the angels (i.e., progressive), but so qualifies and counterqualifies most everything he says that he antagonizes no one—except those readers made impatient by overly guarded statements.

This is not to say that Gary MacEoin cannot be faulted on basic attitudes. He alludes several times to the alleged double taxation of Catholics in the area of education, a notion which many of the strongest enthusiasts for tax aid regard as being of dubious validity. Also, he is excessively generous in citing the "laudable part" Catholics played "in creating a public awareness of the threat and in getting federal authorities to devise administrative techniques and introduce laws to deal with the subversive and treasonable activities of hidden Communists." At the same time, he can merely concede that it is "open to debate" whether "in some specifics we have gone further than necessary"—an understatement if ever there was one.

Gary MacEoin's great vulnerability,

however, is in a tendency to shelter the institutional Church. What deficiencies exist are seen invariably as those of individual Catholics; the establishment is almost always above reproach. The pose is admirable, but hardly realistic. This instinct induces Mr. MacEoin to excuse the Church in the South from accountability in connection with "emerging patterns" of the American Church on the grounds that in the South "Catholics are still mainly involved in the survival problems of a small minority, complicated by the spe-

cific challenges of integration." Later he exclaims that "for once, neither Catholic nor non-Catholic can legitimately complain that the Church has failed to provide enlightened leadership" toward the elimination of racism in the United States.

The day we read this we happened upon a news story which reported that the Diocese of Lafayette would desegregate schools in three of thirteen counties next September, and which likewise noted that Diocese of Alexandria schools remain unintegrated. Such

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evidence of gradualism and of foot-dragging does not render Mr. MacEoin's "enlightened leadership" thesis completely credible.

But in quarreling here with Gary MacEoin we are taking exception to only a small section of a meritorious book. By and large, Mr. MacEoin offers careful and constructive counsel on the Christian witness, and deserves a thoughtful hearing.

Private Collection

JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER

Knopf, \$5.95

PADRAIC COLUM

How is it that literate people are more inclined to read about writers than they are about chiefs of staff, judges, inventors and like persons of importance in their day? After all, the chiefs who make military decisions, the judge whose opinion makes important social changes, the inventor who puts us in possession of new sources of power, are far ahead in historic significance, yet presentation of them does not result in salable books to the extent that presentations of poets and others in the writing line do. The romantic-minded will quote "The dreamer lives for ever and the doer for only a day," but I wouldn't say that readers have that tag in mind. Poets and their ilk are more amusing in conduct and conversation than more portentous characters in their epoch—that is the reason for book-buyers' interest.

That reason justifies her publishers in listing seventeen literary figures whom Jean Starr Untermeyer presents in her *Private Collection* and in noting that there is in it "a personal reminiscence of some of the most important literary figures of the early half of this century." But there is more in her book than personal reminiscence of literary figures of her day. Her day was a marked one. Writers in different parts of the States were making discoveries in material and form. Organizations such as the Poetry Society of America were giving poets a

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platform. Reviewers with fresh enthusiasms were stirring up interest in new writers. As far as it concerns writers, Jean Starr Untermeyer's book is about an epoch. There was an excitement about literature in the air of her time: it was like the excitement of first love, and the valuable thing about *Private Collection* is that it communicates that excitement to readers of today.

It has wider range than the literary one. The writer is a musician as well as a poet, and her presentation of composers, singers, music-instructors is quite as interesting as her presentation of poets. Moreover, she has a feeling for place and can project that feeling: her involvement with Chartres has dramatic power, and when she writes about Dorset, that particular English landscape is made vivid for us. She even betters her prose description in a poem: I quote a verse:

Bred of the sea
Whose salt wind stains
The emerald hollow,
Twin certainty
My heart retains—
Bright cliff, dark swallow.

However, I mustn't give the impression that these "personal reminiscences of the important literary figures of the first half of this century" are less good than the publisher's note would lead us to expect. They are outstanding. The Untermeyers, Louis and Jean, were happily situated to meet people on their way to fame. Naturally, some of these arrivals were more sympathetic to Jean than others; their presentations are more meaningful. Sara Teasdale, dependent, retreating, is made more of a person than Edna St. Vincent Millay, assured and self-regarding. Amy Lowell's presentation is both sympathetic and striking: no doubt the Untermeyers were a bit dazzled by the affluence of the poet's circumstance, but behind the fuss that surrounded her comings and goings, behind the display of assurance, Jean was able to discern in the Lowell lady the pathos of a physically badly endowed woman. Ezra Pound is another

personage who is given a remarkable likeness.

But *Private Collection* is a life story. A young girl, sensitive and gifted, comes to New York from Ohio, marries, becomes associated with an exciting literary movement, discovers herself as a poet, has a tragic experience which she surmounts and enters new ways of expression. A late and proud attainment was her becoming "Midwife to a Masterpiece." The masterpiece was Hermann Broch's *The Death of Virgil*. Her association with the Viennese

novelist—I wish I could believe that he was as outstanding as Jean Starr Untermeyer is convinced he was—makes a heartening chapter. Her production of *The Death of Virgil* in English amounted to collaboration; she not only translated the story, but the author's relation to the story, the author's innovations in his own language. Hermann Broch was charming, but he was also temperamental and egotistical. This strenuous collaboration meant much to her in personal and impersonal discovery. Its by-product was a lecture

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which she delivered at Princeton—"Is translation an art or a science?"

A Passage Through Fire

JEAN MONTAURIER

Holt, Rinehart, \$5.95

DAVID LODGE

This prize-winning novel by a French Catholic priest has earned the following tribute from François Mauriac: "Although I no longer find novels interesting, here is a book which took me captive." Perhaps it is because I am still very much interested in novels that I found this one, for all its manifest sincerity, spiritual insights and fine writing, a disappointment.

It begins well. On the first page we read: "The children of the poor really should not be allowed to see movies. When they get back home, they are sad." The simple, unsentimental honesty of the opening pages wins our respect for and interest in the narrator, but this advantage is gradually abused and dissipated as the book proceeds. Like Bernanos' classic, *Diary of a Country Priest*, *A Passage Through Fire* takes the form of a journal, a form particularly open to "the terrible fluidity of self-revelation" that Henry James saw as the chief vice of all first-person narratives.

The journalist is an aging priest who has been exiled to a small sea-side parish as a consequence of his refusal to toe the conventional line in his native diocese. In the clergy and bourgeoisie around his new home he soon en-

counters the same types as those responsible for his banishment; but he also makes the friendship of the Dean of a neighboring cathedral town, and is present at the Christmas Day Mass when the Dean informs his startled congregation that he is tired of battling "the unmistakable resistance of my parish to God's grace," and that he is leaving them. The Dean takes refuge with the narrator, and the rest of the novel describes their mutual wrestling with his crisis of conscience: is he right to place the instinct to flee from spiritual sterility above his vow of obedience?

The narrator says of himself and his friend: "Our lives are very nearly identical"—explaining, perhaps, why the novel is, as a novel, unsatisfactory. There is not enough contrast and tension between the two main characters: their rapport is a joy to them, but a bore for us. Even the old woman who looks after them is gifted with intuitive sympathy for their plight, and an unexplained eloquence. Add to this the fact that the prologue and epilogue (which according to fictional convention, explain how the journal came to be printed) are written by the Dean himself, and the atmosphere of spiritual narcissism becomes suffocating. Outside this charmed circle the characters are thin caricatures of worldly priests and interfering laity. Since they are insufficiently realized to seem genuinely evil, the contempt in which they are held by the two priests seems almost arrogant and uncharitable.



REVIEWERS

GERALD WEALES teaches in the English Department at the University of Pennsylvania. His most recent book is *A Play And Its Parts*.

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PADRAIC COLUM is the well-known poet and dramatist.

DAVID LODGE is visiting this country on a Commonwealth Fellowship. His novel, *Ginger, You're Barmy*, was published here recently.



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The novel partially recovers when the two priests make a pilgrimage to the elder's home province, an experience which draws from him some loving and powerful descriptions. And when the Dean is finally persuaded, by the personal self-sacrifice of his friend and a mystical experience before a statue of the Virgin, to return to his post, one can only admire the skill and tact with which Father Montaurier handles this tricky episode

A Passage Through Fire, I hope to have conveyed, does not fail (as many

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"Catholic novels" fail) because of pious sentimentalities or dogmatic simplifications. It is a much more interesting and admirable kind of failure, for it is in the tradition of Huysmans, Bloy, Péguy, Bernanos and Mauriac, and insists upon being measured against that tradition.

It also provokes me to wonder whether that tradition is still a fruitful one to work in. It was the very considerable achievement of the above-mentioned writers that they created a body of work which was Catholic without being propagandist, "modern" without being nihilistic; but their assertion of a theological order of reality involved a certain narrowness of focus and sympathy, an indifference to human values in the secular sense, which no longer seem necessary constituents of a Christian perspective. (I believe that a tacit acknowledgment of this fact is to be seen in the later work of Graham Greene, who owes a great deal to the tradition.) This is not to say that the inner drama of faith and doubt is no longer a valid subject for fiction, but that it requires a new kind of imaginative exploration.

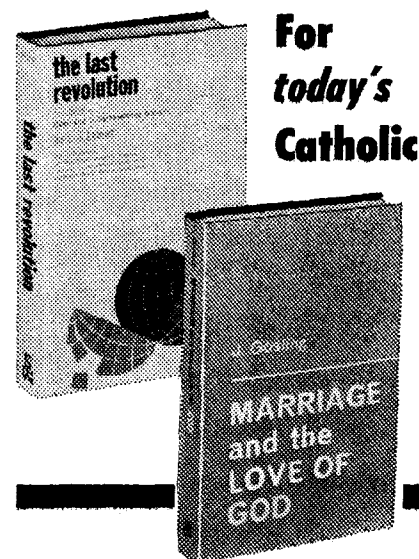
CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 579)

grams, for penetrations of privacy by the state, for limitless investigation and data-taking and for human engineering, we must scrutinize this exercise of power with no less rigor than we do where public schools sponsor religion for children.

Actually, on the privacy issue itself, in family planning, isolated from the issue of compulsion, I am happy to note that Mr. Wulf seems not to except to my remarks in any way. His analogy to Medicare, I feel, is way off: Medicare recipients will not be virtual wards of the government as are people on public assistance.

Lastly, I was well aware of ACLU's excellent defense of privacy in the Connecticut case and I am grateful that Mr. Wulf's letter gives us the occasion to praise it. WILLIAM B. BALL



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